

# THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

Proprietor.

Established December 15th, 1850.

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## TERMS.

Two Dollars for one year, *in advance*.  
Single copies, Ten Cents each.  
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.  
Local and Special Notices, Twenty Cents per line.  
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.  
Obituaries and calls on candidates, Fifty Cents per square.  
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members. No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.  
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.  
No advertisement inserted gratuitously.  
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.  
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.  
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on *New Type*, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

## A Texas Tragedy.

Here is the latest story of Texas life: Miss Guest and a young lady friend Miss Seals, having paid a visit on horseback to the family of Mr. Lenore, in Brazos county, that gentleman on their return, escorted them home. Miss Guest was in the habit of wearing a small Derringer pistol, having had to travel alone to Eastern Texas not long after the war closed. She had it on her person at the time in question. As they were riding along this pistol, from some cause exploded, and so wounded one of Miss Guest's fingers that it had to be removed by amputation. During her confinement from this hurt she was again visited by Mrs. Lenore and urged to visit her again when she recovered. When she had recovered, she and Miss Seals again visited the house of Mr. Lenore. While there a game at cards was proposed. While Mr. Lenore was sorting the cards from the drawer of a table, Miss Seals was standing by his side, and Miss Guest rather behind him, he espied a pistol in the drawer, and handing it over his shoulder to Miss Guest, remarked, "how does this pistol compare with yours?" She took it, and while examining it the pistol went off, killing Mr. Lenore instantly. Although there is nothing in all this to give any plausibility even to an accusation of wrong intent, yet some of the friends of the unfortunate deceased prosecuted Miss Guest for murder. But the prosecution came to nothing. The Attorney entered a *nolle prosequi*, although the defense demanded a trial. Miss Guest is reported to be a young lady of high standing and good culture.

ADVERTISING RULES.—If you don't mean to mind your business, it will not pay to advertise.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of life in trade.

Don't attempt to advertise unless you have a good stock of a meritorious article.

Newspaper advertisements are good of their kind, but they cannot take the place of circulars and hand-bills.

Handbills and circulars are good of their kind, but they cannot take the place of newspaper advertisements.

Bonner, for several successive years, invested in advertisements all the profit of the preceding year. Now see where he is.

Quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is low. Either plan will prevent good times from ever coming.

A young lady of Indianapolis recently used corrosive sublimate to remove a light mustache on her upper lip. The application removed the mustache and a portion of the lip.

The organ in the Mormon temple at Salt Lake city is said to be "8,000 voice power."

## THE GYMNAST AND JAGUAR.

I met the gymnast at a menagerie which was stationed in New York one winter. His name was Jori—I never knew whether it was his first or last name, for I never heard him called anything but Jori.

He was full of interesting stories, I found, had been in nearly all the countries of the globe, and had had adventures innumerable. We fell into conversation about the wild beasts in the cages before us, and he soon began to tell me one of his stories.

There was a South American tiger in one of the cages—or jaguar, as it should be called—and I inquired of its habits.

"They are a terrible creature in their native lairs, sir," said the gymnast. "A fiercer animal don't go on four legs, I promise you.—A grown-up one never yet was caught. That one there looks quietly enough, but he is the ugliest beast in the show. He was caught when he was a baby, and has never been out of a cage since, but he's far from tame. He is not so wild as he might be, I'll allow, but yet tame he is not, nor never will be.

"There is an African lion over yonder, that looks more terrible, with his great shaggy mane and his big body; but if I had got to be put into the one or the other of them, you may be sure I'd go in with the gentleman from Africa. I ain't very much afraid of him, but the jaguar I am afraid of—mortal. He'd make nothing of just chawing my head right off of me!

"You saw the lion-king go into that other cage to-day, I suppose? Well, you just keep coming here till you see the lion-king go into that jaguar's cage, and the result will be that you will come every day for the next six months—and then you won't see him do it. He never does it, sir. He don't dare.

"And yet, as I said before, that jaguar looks quiet enough, and he is no more to be compared to a live one, roaming about in his native wilds, than a fighting cock is to be compared to an American bald eagle.

"I could tell you a pretty story about a fight I once saw between one of them Panama roosters and a bald eagle, but not to-day. But if you don't mind sitting down here for a few minutes, I'll tell you about a jaguar that chased me in South America."

I agreed to this proposition, and we sat down.

"You must know, in the first place," said the gymnast, "that the jaguar generally, is like other wild beasts in this respect—that he don't prey on human flesh. He preys on animals and fish, and he only fights a man when attacked himself; but then don't he fight! Whew! He is just the ugliest creature that ever licked his jaws.

"But though this is true of the jaguar in general, it is not true of some particular ones, you see.—When one of them has once met a man and fought with him, he is not the same beast for the rest of his life—he is more ferocious and bloodthirsty. If the man escapes, this is true. But when he don't escape—when he is killed, and the jaguar eats him up—ah, that's a dreadful misfortune!"

The gymnast shuddered.

"Of course it was always a misfortune for a human being to be killed, that is understood; but it is a misfortune in this case, for this reason—that the jaguar becomes from that day a hunter of men. He has tasted human flesh, and found out that there is no other so sweet. He watches for men night and day, and woe to the man that crosses his track!

"Well, sir, that was my lot exact-ly. I crossed the track of a man-eater, whose fame was a terror to

the whole country. The hardest hunters would tremble at the sound of his name—for he was so celebrated that he was known far and wide by the nickname of 'the murderer!' He had succeeded in catching and eating eleven men, up to the time I ran across him, and so you may understand what a monster he was. He would venture forth nearer to the edge of the great South American forest than any other beast of his tribe; for you know the jaguar lives very deep in the woods as a rule.

"Well about that time I am speaking of, I got into trouble in San Blanco, and was obliged to take to the woods for safety till my companions could join me.

"It was not without a very uncomfortable feeling under my waistcoat, I assure you, that I struck into the woods; for I had no more deadly weapon than my knife—no gun, no pistol, nothing that I could even attempt to defend myself with in case of attack.

"There were rumors that 'the murderer' had been seen within a few days in the neighborhood; and in fact the provincial Justice had that very day issued a call to the huntsmen of the district, to gather on the following day and set out in pursuit of this terrible man-eater. So, of course, my thoughts were full of the beast.

You must know there is a broad desert between San Blanco and the woods—a vast waste without water or vegetation, and only here and there a tree. But it would not afford me a safe hiding-place, and so I had to hurry across it as fast as I could in order to get into the woods.

"I had gone but a little distance in the dark forest, looking about cautiously, when I heard away off in the distance, a noise which I knew at once was the jaguar's roar! "You see my nerves were all of a tremble, owing to the excitement I was in, and this," added to the fact that I was waiting every minute in fear of that very sound, made me hear it when the beast was a great distance off.

"My flesh almost crept when I heard that long, terrible screech—a noise such as no other animal makes—and enough to set your teeth on edge, even if it didn't mean death.

"But it did mean death to me—and a horrible death, too.

"This, and a good deal more, ran through my head like lightning when I heard that far-off scream. I knew he had snuffed my blood and was after me; and I imagined him crashing through the woods, his tail flying, and his eyes blazing on my track. How was I to escape? At first I thought of going up one of the great solid trees which were around me, but then I remembered that the jaguar is a skillful climber, and that with their low-hanging branches he could easily reach me.

"My only chance was to reach a carob tree which stood all alone out on the desert, toward the town. Perhaps the jaguar would not follow me there. The screaming was now distinctly audible, and I was no longer in doubt.—Throwing off everything that could cumber me, I began to run. I am a good runner; I never saw many men that could run with me. But to out-run a jaguar! I never had any idea of doing it. Still I thought I might reach the carob tree. The roars became more frequent and louder as I ran, and at last, looking back when I was about half way to the tree, I saw 'the murderer' springing over the ground, gaining on me at every bound.

"Excuse me, sir, there's the manager calling me; I'll have to go," said the gymnast.

"But how did you escape," I asked.

"I'll tell you another time," said he, hurrying away.

"I reached the carob tree," said

the gymnast, resuming his story the next time I met him, "reached it in ample time, for the jaguar was still a long distance off, as I could tell by his roars. The ground was so uneven that I could not see him, but I heard him of-ten enough.

"The tree was tall and slim; therein lay its value, you comprehend. There was only a nest of branches away up at the top, and none but a trained climber could ever have got up. But climbing is a part of my trade, you know. I went up that tree lively, I can tell you. It was far from a strong tree, and my climbing it made it shake and sway; but it was of tough wood, and I managed to get into the top.

"Did you ever see a bird light on a hollyhock stalk? Then if you have you know how the stalk will sway and quiver under the bird's weight. Well, what that bird was to the hollyhock, I was to that carob tree. It swayed and shook under my weight just like that hollyhock under that bird.—But I knew the tree was tough, and I didn't feel afraid—not of that—my thoughts were on something else—very much more dangerous.

"Yonder the jaguar came, bounding along on my track, smelling of the ground every now and then, like a pointer dog, and then setting up that appalling roar that no man can hear without his flesh creeping. That's a fact, sir—whether the man is afraid or not, it's a curious and well known effect of the jaguar's roar that makes the nerves tingle in that way that we call flesh-creeping.

"When he had got within about fifty rods of the tree he seemed to lose the track. He got off to one side, and paused, uncertain. He put his nose to the ground, sniffing eagerly, and dashing around at last in a fierce fury of rage at having lost my trail. He lashed his body with his long tail; he bounded about; he rent the air with his screams of anger; and altogether he would have been a splendid sight to look at if I could have felt safe. But I knew he would presently get on my track, and then—well, I would not have bid very high on the chance of getting off, I assure you.

"He was in a passion by this time; and in his circle about kept drawing nearer to me in the tree, though he had lost my trail. He was a magnificent specimen of his kind—about two feet and a half high, and six feet long, without measuring his tail; his hide a fierce yellow, spotted all over with dark rings. So much I could see while he was quite a way off.

"At last he got the trail again, and being by this time perfectly furious from being so long balked of his prey, he sent up a wild screech that made me shiver, and no mistake. On he came, with great bounds, by the side of which a runaway horse wouldn't stand the least show.

"A minute more and he saw me.

"The next instant he had sprung forward and grabbed the tree with his huge paws, and was standing on his hind legs, staring up at me with his fierce, red eyes. The little tree trembled under the influence of the beast's weight; and if ever you are up in a tree, with a hungry man-eating jaguar standing up against it, his fore-paws a good eight feet up on the slender trunk, giving it a convulsive trembling that makes it seem to be a part of the jaguar's own body, quivering with rage and blood-thirstiness—well, I hope you never will be, but if you are, you'll know what I mean when I say that I felt like fainting and falling out of the tree to be eaten up.

"Finding he couldn't climb such a slender trunk, the jaguar got down, drew back and gave one great leap at me. He couldn't jump to where I was though. But

he struck the tree high up, and for an instant clung to it, bearing it over with his weight till I thought: 'Ah, may the saints save us! my time has come!' "But it was only for a moment. He fell down in a heap on the ground.

"Then began a scene which never to his dying day will old Jori forget. I lived years in the two hours of horrible suspense that followed.

"Down under me the jaguar raged. He swept around and around the tree, his red eyes fixed on me with an unrelaxing vigilance. Tired at last with this, he crouched down under the tree, roaring with fury at thus being tantalized, fixed his eyes on mine and sat there, his red mouth gaping wide, showing his jagged rows of teeth, and his tail beating the ground.

"My attitude in the branches of the tree was such an one that it began to last to tell on my overstrained muscles. I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. The jaguar's eyes were exerting a sort of fascination over me, you see, as a serpent does over a bird. I couldn't take my eyes off of his; I couldn't change my position without great danger of falling; and I began to mutter to myself, like a man who is going crazy.

"All of a sudden I began to pray; and as I prayed my strength seemed to return to me, and the film that was gathering over my eyes to break away.

"O Father in Heaven," I breathed, "save me from the jaws of the terrible man-eater; save me! save me!" It was all that I could mutter, for I was like a man who is sinking into a dream.

"And all the time there sat the jaguar, his gaze riveted on mine—his eyes seemed absolutely red with gorge—blind to everything in the world but the man whose blood he thirsted for, deaf to every sound, conscious only of his prey and his rage at being baffled so long.

"Ah, my prayer is heard!" "There came the swish of a las- so, which went over the beast's neck suddenly, and was drawn tight.

"Swish! Another from the other side—drawn tight.

"Then for the first time I tore my gaze away from the tiger's blood-red eyes, and beheld my deliverers.

"Juan! Pedro! I screamed aloud, and fell to laughing immoderately.

"Jori! came the answer.—'Saved, comrade, saved! Climb down, Jori, and slay your enemy.'

"I slid out of the tree like a monkey. I whipped out my knife and approached the jaguar.

"Pull, Juan," I cried; 'pull, Pedro.'

Drawn thus at opposite sides by two lassoes, the jaguar reared, helpless, on his hind legs. I took my knife and plunged it into his side, and bounded back out of 'the murderer's' way. He fell dead at my feet."

A young man in one of the towns of Niagara county, N. Y., left his legitimate sweetheart and got engaged to another girl. At the wedding the young man failed to put in an appearance, having learned that his first lady was going to sue him for breach of promise. Second lady's big brother accordingly went for young man, intending to flog him, but succeeded only in getting himself arrested and bound over.

In 1868 forty-eight Germans, twenty-four Americans and ten Irishmen killed themselves in New York. Thirteen other suicides occurred in the city, divided among English, Scotch, French, Bohemians, Norwegians and Canadians. Of all the above cases of self destruction twenty-three were of persons under fifteen years of age.

## Temple of the Muses.

### TWO PICTURES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

I.—LOOKING OUT.  
Royal and warm the fire-light falls,  
In the rich man's home, to-night,  
On the pictures hanging against the walls,  
And the children's faces bright.  
They have parted the crimson folds,  
Away from the window high,  
And their eyes look out at the whirling snow,  
And the dull and stormy sky.

Their dainty garments are rich and rare,  
Their faces are fair to see,  
And the golden gleam of their shining hair  
Is bright as a crown might be:  
And many a stranger stops to smile  
At the picture, warm and bright,  
The beautiful children, looking out  
On the dark and stormy night.

II.—LOOKING IN.  
With tattered garments, and faces thin,  
A crowd in the bitter cold,  
The poor man's children are looking in,  
Through the curtain's crimson fold,  
The bleak wind tosses their rags in scorn,  
Their feet are aching and bare,  
While they gaze at the beauty and light within,  
And the children's faces fair.

I think, as I hasten along the street,  
Of the beautiful home above,  
Where the rich and poor alike will meet,  
And share in the Father's love,  
The Lord will open the shining door,  
And gather his dear ones in,  
The rich, with their soft and dainty robes,  
And the poor, with their garments thin.

## Warning to Age Concealers.

Ladies, it is sometimes dangerous to conceal your exact age.—We will give you a case in point, that only occurred in the summer of the present year. A lady, as far back as 1825, insured her life for the benefit of her relatives.—She only died a few months ago—but coming to compare her age, as given by herself at the time of effecting the insurance, with that on the certificate of births required by the office to be obtained, after death, from the parish register, it was found that although in reality the lady was forty-two years old in 1825, she only owned to be thirty-five; and paid premiums on that scale for forty-two years.—The office, had it been so disposed might have declared the policy absolutely forfeited. The policy was admitted as a claim, but from the amount that would have come to the legatees, if all had been in order, the difference of premium between thirty-five and forty-two years, with interest and compound interest thereon, from the period that each premium became due, was deducted. The legatees thus received not more than the nominal amount stated on the policy.

UNDER RULE.—The Hartsville *Vidette* tells a story of a trial at a recent court at that place, when all the witnesses were placed "under rule"; and says:

Among the witnesses, a man and his wife from the country had been summoned, and when the woman was placed on the witness stand, one of the lawyers requested the Honorable court to place all the witnesses "under rule." The husband of the woman looked around in blank astonishment, which soon changed to deep indignation, when he was invited to leave the room. Addressing himself to the Court he exclaimed—"I'll be d—d if you fellows can keep my wife in here! If I go out she must go too; and if she stays in here, I'll stay in here too, in spite of the devil and your d—d court. You bet." He "stayed."

A Macon (Ga.) paper says: "Our market is getting chuck full of mules. Tennessee, Kentucky and Northwestern drovers find Georgia a fine place to sell this year. Our planters are selling their old broken down stock and replacing them with young and healthy animals.

Monster—"I'm afraid I'm sitting on your crinoline, ma'am."—Affable young lady—"Oh, never mind, sir, it's of no consequence; you can't hurt it." Monster—"No, ma'am; it's not that; but the confounded thing hurts me."

## The Model Office Holder.

Speaking of Washington reminds us of an incident that shows how applicants for office are rewarded when the appointing power is an expert. A member of Congress, from one of the New York districts said to his friend, who was clerk of the house:

"Here is a good fellow that ought to be provided for; can't you do something for him?"

"Don't see how I can; haven't a place vacant."

"Well, make him a place."

"Didn't think of that; perhaps I can. Let me see—ah, yes!—there's a man down-stairs who runs the steam engine that pumps air through the ventilators; I can make your friend an assistant engineer at \$1,200 a year," which was done.

A day or two afterward the new appointee happened oddly enough to be down in the engine-room (it was the only time, the place being secure,) when a gentleman, who was curious to know something of the mode by which the Capitol was ventilated, walked in, and, after looking at the engine, said:

"A very nice engine. Of how many horse power is it?"

"Horse power—it haint got no horse power at all—it goes by steam."

## On the Marry.

Old Brigham Young is the "out marryinist" man on this continent. It appears that, a short time since, he wedded five young ladies at one time, making a grand marriage; and only a few days afterwards—so strong is the old sinner's passion, which is to have more wives than any six men in his kingdom—he proposed marriage to Madam Parepa Rosa, the "eminent Prima Donna." She informed him that as her husband was still among the living, she must respectfully decline. The old rascal, ready at all times to obviate any difficulties, instantly proposed to marry her husband also. Some United States troops, under the command of General Butler, should be sent out there for the purpose of breaking up old Brig's marriages, which are not only becoming alarmingly frequent, but seem to assume a very singular character. The General can obtain possession of all his valuables, and thereby deprive him of the "ready" necessary to support so extensive a household, which old Brig will then, no doubt, divide among the soldiers.

The second largest dairy in America is located about four miles from St. Louis. There are 800 cows in the stable. They are attended by Swiss cow-milkers. The chief food is ground corn, mixed with malt and oil meal, cooked by steam. A large mill is owned and run by the proprietors, O. F. Leser & Co. The average amount of material consumed at this dairy per day is 400 bushels of malt, 6,000 pounds of cut hay, 60 bushels of corn meal, 15 sacks of bran and oil meal; cut hay and bran mixed together are also furnished the cows for food. The summer pasturages of this mammoth dairy embrace an area of over 1,000 acres of fine rolling land, with numerous springs of pure water. The average daily yield of milk at the present time is 800 gallons, with 80 gallons of cream.

At the sale of the type and material of the Charleston Mercury, on Tuesday, the press sold for \$55, the engine for \$210, the type for \$260, the imposing stones for \$50, and the furniture and sundries, for \$75.

The number of persons killed by carriage accidents in the thoroughfares of London is very nearly equal to the loss of life on all the railways of England and Wales together.